

ENGLAND'S

Mournful Elegy

FOR

The Dissolving the PARLIAMENT.

21. Jan. 1681

AR E all our Hopes thus on a sudden dash'd ?
Our Trust confounded, and Rejoycings quash'd !
One blast of Air, upon one dismal day
Has blown our JOY, our Parliament away !
When the Beast's King sends forth his dreadful Voice,
They leave the Wood, affrighted at the noyse.
How fair of late did all the Heavens smile ?
What streams of Joy ran through this gladfom Isle !
When now, behold, disturb'd and clouded Skies,
And Tears of Sorrow trickling from our Eyes,
Follow'd with Tempests of Heart-breaking sighs.
R O M E at our Troubles now begins to Laugh,
And traiterous Lords do our Confusion Quaff :
The Prince of Hell, by these sad Signs mistook,
Thinks Heaven and Providence has us forlook,
And, spite of all his cunning, shews his Joy,
In hopes that, now, he ENGLAND shall destroy ;
But we do know, that God has Mercy still ;
If humbly we submit unto his Will :
R O M E, may deceived be, and loose its Aim,
And Hell, Confounded be, with Fear and Shame.
The WOLF the threatned Child, did long to Taste,
Expecting for the Morsel long did Fast,
But Mockt and Hungry did return at last ;
The Mother still did in her Child delight,
And with the VVOLF to still 't, did it affright.
Thus VVolfish JESUITES, waiting for their Prey,
VVithout it, empty, shall be sent away.
Our TEARS of Sorrow, shall to Gladness turn,
And ENGLAND at the last, shall Cease to Mourn.
A Mourner, at the present she appears,
And with a Sable Vail, she hides her TEARS :
Great is her Grief, yet scarcely understood ;
Her Eyes drop TEARS, her Heart a shower of BLOOD,
For many Woes she now expects to see,
And doth presage some Fearful Tragedie.
Plotters yet live, which still our Head would wound,
VVho seek us, and our Happiness to confound :
VVho still are trying all the means they can,
By subtil wayes th' unwary to Trepan :
And whom they cannot reach, they curse and ban :

The

The Plots a Deep, whose Bottom is not found,
 Which many Fathoms has unto the Ground,
 So intricate a Lab'rinth few can finde,
 By what is past, what yet remains behind.
England remembers, and with Grief's dismay'd,
 At what, long since, propheticke *Usher* said,
 That *Isophr* for a while should hither come,
 And our Religion should submit to ROME:
 That once again she should her Altars see,
 For riells, her Trinkets and Idolatry.
 But that at last, the breath of *Providence*,
 Should them disperse, and suddenly blow hence;
 That they should all be driven from our Shore,
 And after that in *England* seen no more.
 Through clouded Eyes *England* beholds the Star
 That seems to threaten Famine Plague and VVar.
 Annies in Light seen in the azure Sky,
 With many a strange and unheard rodigy,
 Add to her grief, which trembling she beholds,
 Whilst the Mysterious Riddle none unfolds.
 With Arms a-crofs, she sat, in Silence hush'd,
 Till a salt Hood, from her drown'd Eyes new gush'd;
 For like a Ship, she at an Anchor lay,
 Rolling on surging Seas within a Bay;
 Till on a sudden, by a Thunder-stroke,
 She lost her Hold, Anchor and Cable broke,
 And her great Hopes, her Anchor being quit,
 Upon despairing Rocks she seems to split.
 But God who all things sees, and rules above,
 Who with his Justice alwayes mixes Love,
 Beholds poor *England* in her deep Distress,
 And in the midst of Miseries her can bless.
 The Hearts of Kings he holdeth in his Hand,
 And he can them, as other men command;
 On God above now all our Hopes doth lye,
 On Him she fixes her still constant Eye,
 Resolv'd to suffer what on her he'll throw,
 Good Counsell she doth on her Sons bestow,
 Eils them be bold, but not with Rage to swell,
 Petition, Pray, and all their Griets to tell,
 To Heaven and their King, but not Rebel.

